

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

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You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Prof. Crosby, on his way to visit a friend in the country, meets Taboo whom he had met at a Christmas party the winter before. An accident to the trolley car leaves them stranded near the Tabor home, where they are made welcome, but under peculiar conditions. During the night Crosby is asked to leave the house, Miss Tabor saying goodbye to him and requesting him not to call again. At the inn he learns that Taboo is a guest there, and just as they are getting on well together, she is taken away by Dr. Reid, whom Crosby afterwards learns is a brother-in-law of Miss Tabor, having wedded her sister Miriam, who is now dead. The mystery of the Tabor household is increased, and when Crosby gets a hasty call to go with Miss Tabor on a mysterious mission to the city, where he rescues Mrs. Carucci, who is Sheila, Miss Tabor's nurse, from the effect of a brutal attack by her husband. Plans are laid to rescue Mrs. Carucci, by sending him out of the country, to relieve Mrs. Tabor of his presence. Mr. Tabor tells Crosby his wife has never been quite well since the death of her daughter, MacLean, a newspaper reporter, and Crosby in gaining admission to a spiritualistic séance, where the dead daughter is supposed to be "materialized." After the séance Crosby discovers Dr. Reid and a stranger, Dr. Paulus, intending to have him "anasthetized" aboard and outgoing steamer. He makes an enemy of Reid by interfering. A call comes from Tabor, telling him that Mrs. Tabor has suddenly gone alone to the city, and asking Crosby to look after her. He succeeds in locating her, and witnesses a strange interview between Mrs. Tabor and a man who turns out to be Dr. Paulus, a celebrated alienist. Crosby and Sheila get Mrs. Tabor back home, and there Crosby meets Miss Tabor for an interview that promises to lead to the clearing up of the mystery. They confess their mutual love, and agree to work together for Mrs. Tabor's recovery. Crosby meets Dr. Reid, and they settle down for an explanation. After discussing the situation fully, Crosby returns to the city, where he meets MacLean, and together they go to attend another séance, where they encounter Mrs. Tabor. The usual phenomena are presented, table-lifting and the like, and then the "spirit" of "Miriam" appears again, and Mrs. Tabor questions it. In the midst of proceedings Crosby switches on the lights and Mrs. Tabor faints. The medium is furious, but Crosby calls his bluff, and has Mrs. Tabor carried for when Mr. Tabor appears. He takes Mrs. Tabor home, while Crosby goes to consult with Dr. Paulus, to determine if the nature of Mrs. Tabor's hallucination is such as leaves any hope for cure. Dr. Paulus agrees that the visits to the seances have been a contributing cause to Mrs. Tabor's condition, and when they join the family they have a general consultation as to what action should be taken. Crosby suggests they get hold of the medium and try to make her confess her fraud. Dr. Paulus succeeds in getting Mrs. Mahl, the medium, to visit the Tabor home, and Tabor, Crosby, Reid and Paulus enter into a conversation with her leading up to the proposed "materializing" séance. Mrs. Mahl is inclined to be recalcitrant.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XXV.

Fighting with Shadows.

"We shall not go into that," he said. "And now we will make an end of this talking. You are partly sincere, but you are charlatan also. I have seen all the records, and I have attended your sittings, and I have all the data, you understand. And I have my position, so that people listen to me. You have done tricks, once, twice, many times, and I have all the facts and the dates. So you will do as I say, and I will remember that you are part honest. Or, otherwise, if you will not, then I expose you altogether, publicly."

"You can say anything you like," she retorted coolly. "I don't care a bit. Just because you're a big doctor, you needn't think I care. Folks are so used to you scientific men denying everything, that when you support us it helps, and when you attack us it doesn't matter. You think your little crowd of wise ones is the whole earth. My clients have faith in me. Go ahead, and expose all you want to."

"Wouldn't it be wiser to make friends of us?" Mr. Tabor asked slowly.

"We'll make you a by-word," spluttered Reid. "We'll run you out of the country. That's what we'll do. We'll run you out of the country."

She smiled. "All right, doctor. Run along. Then raising her feet again, with a sweeping gesture, "Say what you will, all of you," she cried tragically, "I defy you!" And she marched over to the door.

"One moment, Mrs. Mahl," said I. "The man who was with me at your sittings was a reporter, the only one there. If I say so, he'll scare-head you as a fairer—in letters all across the front page. You won't be a serious impostor, or have the strength of a weak cause. We won't attack you and give you a chance to defend yourself, but we'll make a nation-wide mock of you. You'll be a joke, with comic drawings."

"You're trying to bluff me," she sneered.

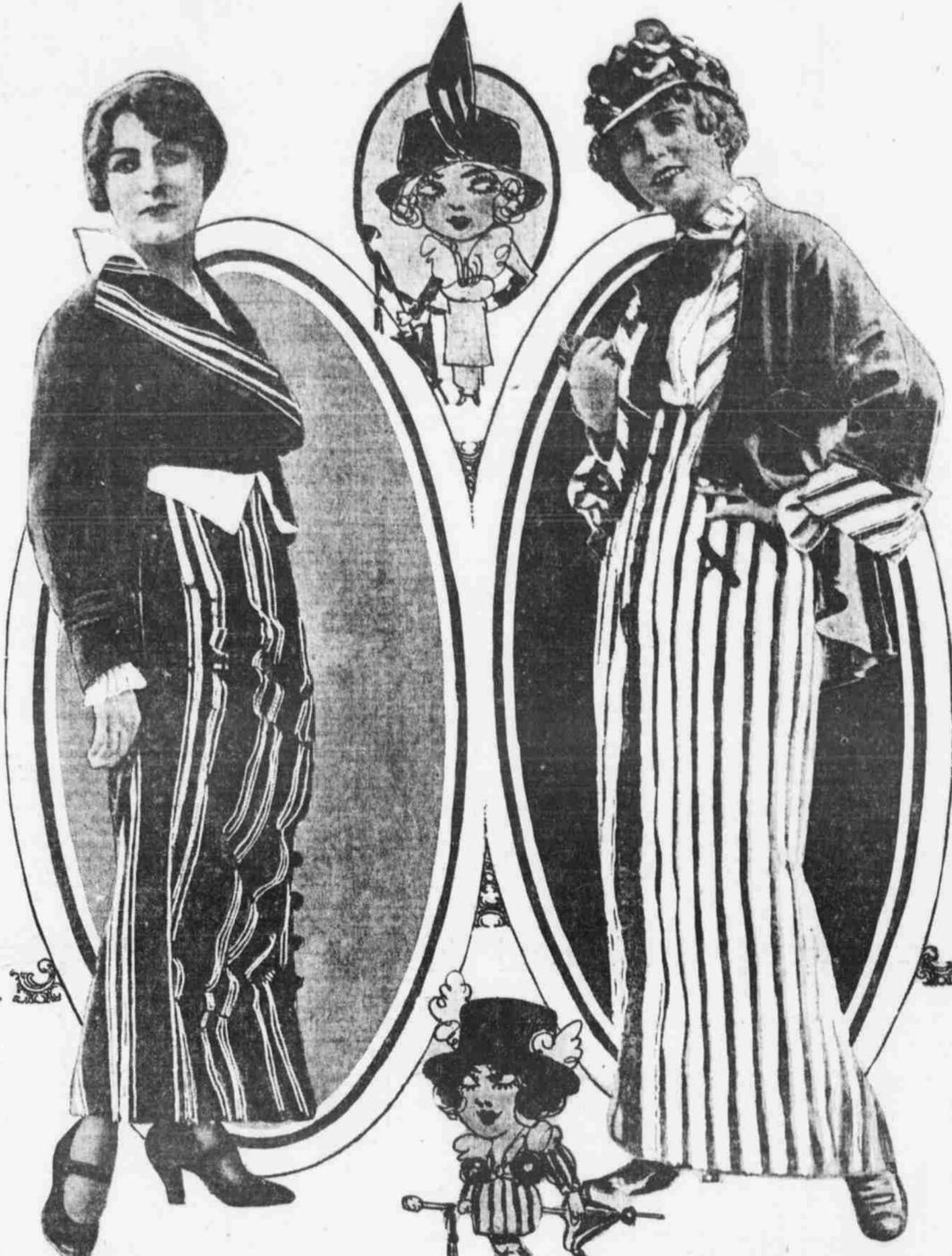
FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine-double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of othine-double strength—from the Sherman & McConnelly Drug Co., or any druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

The Mode of the Moment--The Roman Stripe



An Example of the New Roman Skirt. The Roman stripe—in this case a kind of butcher's blue with red stripe—is the latest mode from Paris.

Another Example of the Roman Skirt. In this case the lighter tone of the stripes predominates. The stripe is continued on the cuff.

Keeping the Peace

By DOROTHY DIX.

The finest art in the world is the art of keeping the peace. On our ability to get along harmoniously with other people depends not only our success to a large degree, but our happiness in life, yet the majority of people never think it worth while to study even the rudiments of the science of keeping off of other people's toes.



The average individual goes through life like a bull through a china shop, smashing into other people's cherished beliefs, knocking over their pet opinions, trampling under foot their prejudices and hobbies. This raises up for him enemies at every turn, who stand in his pathway and block his progress, for no reason at all except that they don't like him because he doesn't understand the gentle art of keeping the peace.

Of course there are times when all of us have got to oppose other people and fight them. There are times when it is pusillanimous and cowardly not to stand up and put up the best scrap that is in you. But 90 per cent of our fighting is utterly useless, and if we could put one-tenth of the strength that we do in combating other people's idiosyncrasies to walking around them without bumping into them we would get better results.

So and so is the very woman for the part," says the theatrical manager, "but she's never been in a company she didn't break up. I wouldn't try to get along with her for a million a year."

These are remarks that we hear every day. Moreover, we see how they work out in real life. We see the individual of inferior ability, but understanding the blessed art of keeping the peace, going ahead of the disgruntled genius, and we know ourselves that there is no quality in the world that we consider more valuable in an employe or a fellow worker than just being agreeable to get along with.

And if the art of keeping the peace is valuable in professional life, in domestic life its price is above rubies. It is the one and only panacea for the divorcee, for the thing that drives husbands and wives apart is not some great sin, but just a million little disagreeable

tricks and speeches that might just as well have been avoided as not, if they had understood the art of keeping peace.

The trouble with most of us is that we think that amiability are solely the gifts of nature, and we fail to realize that they are traits that may be cultivated. Undoubtedly some people are more pacifically inclined than others, but we can all learn to keep the peace if we will.

Why should the ticket agent snarl out replies at you when you ask a perfectly civil question in a railroad office? Why should the shop girl bite your head off metaphorically speaking, if you don't buy the first article she shows you? Why should the subway conductor throw an insulting tone into his voice when he orders you to step lively there? Other ticket agents and shop girls and conductors speak to you civilly and graciously, and incidentally, they are the ones that always move up higher, because they practice keeping the peace.

I know a lonely woman who is always bewailing her friendlessness and feeling hurt because she is not invited to places to which she would like to go. She doesn't understand why she is left out, and yet she is never in any company in which she is not like a firebrand. She invariably selects as her topic of conversation something that will mortify or offend one or more of the other guests.

Yet to be popular this woman would only have to avoid saying the cutting and sarcastic things she does.

How easy it would be for a wife to keep the peace by avoiding the topics that she knows affect her husband's temper as warring a red flag does a bull. What a little sacrifice it would be to her to avoid doing the things that irritate him. How enormous the rewards if she would only refrain from nagging him about his little personal peculiarities. How simple for the husband to jolly his wife along instead of knocking her.

How beautiful the rewards for merely being pleasant, and yet to the great majority of people the art of keeping the peace is as much a lost art as making Damascus steel.

How Enormous the Rewards to a Wife If She Would Only Refrain from Nagging

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"Is not the earth a rigid body? If so, what is the new discovery?"

A.—"The latest computations show that the earth is of twice the rigidity of steel. The new discovery is that it has tides in the solid as well as in the liquid portions. But these tides are very minute."

Q.—"Is it possible to make a straight beam of light come from a searchlight? If so, will it be as bright, say, at one or five miles as at the searchlight?"

A.—"The paths traversed by rays from a searchlight depend on the form of curvature of the mirror. If flat, the paths of reflected rays would be the same as those of the rays received; if the arc of a circle, the rays will be reflected to one bright focus."

Q.—"To have a band of parallel rays leave the mirror it must be the arc of a parabola. Then straight rays will be reflected all parallel to each other. In air, the intensity of this beam of light would diminish, but in absolute vacuum would be as intense at any distance."

A.—"Yes, the mass and weight of our moon are known to mathematicians."

Q.—"Impossible. A comical body must emit its own light in sufficient intensity to form a spectrum in a spectroscopic, to be analyzed, before spectrochemists can find what elements are sending the light."



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON IX—PART IV.

The Present Fashions—Are They Becoming to the Average Woman?

There is no department of dress where good taste is so necessary as in choosing dress accessories. By dress accessories I do not mean merely the hat and wrap, but the smaller trifles such as veils, ornaments, the hand bag, the gloves and shoes. It is not enough to have these fresh and attractive in themselves, they must suit the gown with which they are used or the effect may be disastrous.

Even a piece of jewelry, or an ornament pretty in itself, is not necessarily attractive with every gown. Suitability is one of the first cannons of good dressing.

If women are to wear picturesque gowns, they must have accessories of the same type. Stout walking shoes do not go with a draped silk skirt. They must also be prepared to spend time at their toilet. Dainty gowns suggest careful dressing and an attendant hats that challenge admiration. Attractive and suitable manner of arranging the hair. Not only must shoes be perfect and of suitable form, but stockings and petticoats must be dainty. The accessories of dress are always an important consideration, and today they seem to demand even more care and expense. For this reason, in spite of the few yards of cloth in a dress, these models are by no means economical.

Women who wear for a long time one style of costume are apt to become—the old-fashioned word well expresses it—"settled" in their looks. A decided change is apt to have a rejuvenating effect and that is why in this instance I am glad to welcome it. The present soft, low crown will mean a general improvement in the lines of the natural figure. In many cases physical culture exercises will be necessary.

(Lesson IX to be continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

True Mourning.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I lost my darling mother three months ago, and my grief is impossible to describe, but do not wear mourning for a few seasons of my own. I because don't believe in showing the public that I had a loss. I am of the opinion that if we are not disposed to wear mourning except if you wish to be in style, I am a poor girl, and cannot afford to wear it. As everybody knows that black is expensive, I wear black and white. Now I'll come to the point. Some of my friends go around talking about me as if I were so and so, because I don't wear mourning and go to a show once in a while. Do you think I'll wear mourning? I love my mother more than life if I'll shut myself up in the house and put on deep black? Should I consider those that talk about me friends? Do you think they are right or wrong? (They don't know that I sit up many a night crying over my mother's photograph. I don't believe in mourning when in company, no matter how my heart cries in me. MISS PARENTLESS.

True mourning is in the heart and not a matter of outward show. The wearing of black is, as your experience will make you realize, a protection from the world. The world is slow to understand that a parade of respect for the dead is of far less importance than a consideration of the health and happiness of the living. Probably the very friends who criticize you are less devoted to their parents than you were to your mother during her life. Just so on being loyal to the memory of your dead mother, keep well and strong, and never do anything that would have shamed her in life. Instead of sorrowing because she died, be glad because she lived; live your life as she trained you, instead of weakly catering to carping critics.

Certainly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 and deeply in love with a young man of 27. He lives in the country and writes me regularly. Yesterday I heard he was married and divorced. Would it be proper for me to ask him to marry me? N. C. B. T. A. I. I.

You owe it to him and to yourself to tell him of this rumor. Friendship entitles one to all such rights.

Homely, Yet Admired and Envid; Her Secret

The convention crowd made a path for her, cast admiring glances, then with longing eyes looked her to the elevator. It was at the Poncechartrain in Detroit. The incident was recalled when I chanced to sit across a table from the woman. What was it about her that caused all that commotion? Her complexion, I think, she never held the equal of. Entering to my acquaintance, I learned the secret. "I've tried to make the most of my skin charms," she said, "know men's make-ups and artificiality. I bar cosmetics; there are two things I use to promote natural loveliness and youthful appearance. When my complexion begins to age, I get an ounce of merovalled wax at the druggists, apply at night like cold cream, wash it off in the morning. This gradually flakes off the outer skin; then I have a brand new complexion, naturally beautiful, as you see."

Wrinkles never bother me. At their inception I have my face in a solution made by dissolving an ounce of powdered axolote in a half pint of witch hazel. It works like magic. —Mona Morrow in Tatler.—Advertisement.

THE OMAHA BEE—THE HOME PAPER.